The COMMONWEAL

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Armchair Offensives

THERE is not far to look for the explanation of the barrage of publicized demands that the US go on the offensive. More than once the country has been told to expect reverses, but that seems to have had little effect in stemming general dissatisfaction with the way the war has gone to date. Particularly as observers seem to agree that whatever strength nationwide war sentiment has is directed against the Japanese! If the war is going badly, then, where the nation's interest is most engaged for the moment, what more natural than increasingly vociferous demands for a change of tactic. What seems most unacceptable is the idea of dispersing American forces, giving a little ineffectual assistance here, helping defend for a while there, only to bow in the end to superior forces of men and materiel. It is news such as loss of command of the air over Java that hurts most.

Maxim Litvinoff's plea for the opening up of second and third fronts received much play in the American press. Wendell Willkie, still in the public eye, asked that aggressive American contingents be sent to "every active front." (This is, of course, anything but true offensive tactics.) An aviation magazine editor spoke on the air for a pool of 5,000 large United Nations bombers to be based on the British Isles for all-out air attack purposes, contemplating losses of as high as 1,000 bombers per week. The New York *Daily News* is conducting a vigorous campaign to have the President assign General MacArthur to a more important post—if possible command of all forces in the far Pacific—and thereby save the one comparatively successful leader of anti-Axis forces in the East from inevitable imprisonment or death at the hands of the Japanese. Particularly intriguing to armchair strategists is Lieutenant Colonel Kernan's new book, "Defense Will Not Win the War," which uses a wide range of historical parallels to justify his contention that the US should strike directly at the "geographical heart of the Axis," Italy, and this spring. The author has won quite an accolade for insisting that victory requires direct attack on the main body and the headquarters of the enemy's armed forces.

Each of these proposals has gained a measure of popular support. The trouble is that no matter how legitimate the reasons for dissatisfaction with our present course, a comprehensive picture of the situation is beyond the amateur strategist armed with censored news dispatches. Whether it is better to attack now while certain feasible bases for a United Nations offensive remain, or whether it is more practical to wait and retreat regardless until there is marked superiority over the Axis in men and weapons cannot lightly be decided. In any case some Americans grow restive over their unbroken diet of defeats. A genuine victory of any proportions will go a long way toward spurring national war effort.

Twenty-Three Million Common Colds

TWENTY-THREE million colds (up 5,000,000 since Christmas) are a great many colds indeed. Still there is something reassuring to learn about it from George Gallup, Director, American Institute of Public Opinion. Dr. Gallup has apparently given up being an "issue." There was a time when he seemed to be presenting an alternative form of government to the people of the United States, and in addition a blow by blow description of bitter political duels. Now we hear about colds in your head. The idea of government by a weekly index of answers to more or less leading questions never looked quite as sound, over the longer term, as some of the notions of the members of the Constitutional Convention. We will rally wholeheartedly, however, to a campaign against colds, and apparently such a campaign is scientifically calculated to be proper occupation for the private citizen and strong and tasty medicine for national morale. People in New York can feel lucky too, that they live in the least cold-ridden section of the nation, a full five percent better off than the unfortunate people who live or visit in the South.

The success of the current cold survey may not be difficult to diagnose. The war has cut ninety percent of the drama out of that basic field of interest, the weather. The baseball season hasn't

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started, and anyway, what with the draft and other uncertainties, the approaching season will not have the same solid attraction as ordinarily. Horse racing has been blacked out in California, home of richest prizes. Advertising itself is falling off. So we are almost forced to follow with expectant interest "the trend of cold incidence," the "incidence by geographical sections," and the variation by age groups. And we better enjoy our colds while we may, because if the trend goes up still more, the figures may prove to give aid and comfort to the enemy.

Trial at Riom

THEY have put on their robes and the ermine and they look like judges. And the courtroom is a courtroom right enough. And the men who stand before them to be judged have come straight from a prison. So there are judges and prisoners and it all looks all right but it isn't. It looks all right, the way the Moscow trials looked all right, but it is not a trial at all because Marshal Pétain who ordered it is himself on trial with the accused. He shares their responsibility for the defeat. History and the French people will judge Pétain and Blum, Daladier and Gamelin: no one of these men, nor Mandel nor Reynaud, can lift himself out of pre-war France to judge the others. The trial is an exhibition of factional politics. France had no need of this further shame.

Defeat is ugly. Submission to the will of the conqueror involves suffering, privation and sadness but it also involves concessions which are dishonorable even though made under compulsion. When Vichy was compelled to hand over the political refugees the shame of that act fell not only on the government but on the people of France. It is in that sense that a nation is humiliated, inevitably, by defeat. But at Riom there is no such necessity. Deliberately Marshal Pétain shames the French people, not because of an investigation into the causes of French weakness, but because at Riom he withdraws from the nation and judges the nation, because he pretends that in himself and in his régime there is a new and virginal sovereignty which can appraise and judge the past of France. At Riom, a new régime is judging an old régime—that is the theory. But the new régime is simply an emanation of the old, the Marshal and his friends are integral parts of the old pre-war régime; they cannot separate their responsibility from those of the men they now would judge, for there has been no revolution made or sanctioned by the people. It is in the trial at Riom that Marshal Pétain has set himself apart from the people of France.

The suffering of the French people is real; the bombing of the factories round Paris is real; the terrible predicament in which stand the French Government and the French people is real: the ideology of the French Government is not real. The distinction is essential. Whenever the Vichy Government has acted simply as the administration of a defeated nation, Americans have shown understanding and sympathy. But when it seeks to appear as some newly invented France, when it offers clericalism to a reluctant clergy, a Labor Charter to unions whose liberties it has suppressed, a vaguely fascist order to a people who have paid the price of war and defeat in order to avert fascist servitude, then we join with the French clergy in its immense majority, with the French workingmen and the French people, and say that the Vichy Government has strange and unfortunate ambitions.

Labor News

IT SHOULD BE heartening to those who fear that democracy and political liberty are on the way out to notice that the labor news of the last few weeks is all in a very familiar pattern. We are fighting a war, and naturally enough, labor is being asked to make sacrifices just as capital is being asked, as draftees have been required to do. Naturally also the Administration is using all the political tricks at its disposal to jockey labor into accepting a *modus vivendi* which will be satisfactory to the Administration. The terms thereof certainly are not reactionary; the New Deal is still devoted to raising the standard of living and well-being of American labor, and it turns no sympathetic ear to such advocacies as those of Virginia's Representative Smith.

Apart from the urgencies imposed by war, labor news continues along the New Deal line. The Supreme Court has ruled against the Department of Justice in its attempt to bring certain activities of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, New York City Local 807, under the Federal Anti-Racketeering Act. This the Court did on the ground that Congress did not intend this Act to be applied to the activities of labor unions, even though, to lay eyes and in the opinion of the Second Circuit Court of Appeals, the practices of these teamsters seem indistinguishable from racketeering. The Court, however, broadly hinted that Congress could take action under which such labor practices might be controlled. The practices in question consist of levying against trucks entering the City of New York amounts of money which the owners of these trucks would have to pay union drivers specially employed to drive them within the city limits. Said Justice Byrnes for the majority: "This does not mean that such activities are beyond the reach of Federal legislative control. Nor does it mean that they need go unpunished." The Court has shown its disposition to refuse to take advantage of a law intended by Congress to cover a specific type of wrongdoing and apply it to an analogous type,

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not intended by Congress. This is certainly far removed from the totalitarian way of doing things. The decision in the Wisconsin hotel strike case is in the same direction.

The other interesting development is the decision of the NLRB in the case of the Shell Development Company. By this decision the Board has laid down a principle that professional employees (in this case, chemists) should not be forced into a bargaining unit composed of a miscellaneous group of skilled and unskilled workers as well as "professionals." Naturally the American Chemical Society is delighted, and presumably the CIO is not so happy. Yet the decision does seem reasonable enough, even if it works against the idea of "one big union." Again the established processes of our political life continue to function despite the fact of war.

James J. Walsh

MANY men and women will personally mourn at the death of Dr. James J. Walsh, and among them are all of us who have been connected with THE COMMONWEAL since the beginning. When the magazine was founded, in 1924, Dr. Walsh was an active member of the Editorial Council, and he was a Contributing Editor and writer for the magazine, most helpful, generous and kind, to the time of his death. Significantly, and naturally and really necessarily, the first number of THE COMMONWEAL carried a review of a new book by Dr. Walsh, "Success in a New Era," "a work of popular scientific advice on the preservation of health and the building up of personal character," by "a really great scholar in philosophy as well as medicine." In the second issue appeared a fine article of his, combining his characteristic interests: science, medicine, history and the position of the Catholic Church. The article concerned Leonardo da Vinci as a pioneer student of the science of anatomy and examined and exploded the recurrent false charge that the Church fought and banned the practice of dissection in the development of modern science.

It was in pursuing these overlapping interests that Dr. Walsh achieved a true cultural and public eminence which will last longer than can personal sorrow at his passing. He was a strong and consistent controversialist struggling for the Church. He hit hard, repeatedly and with authority at religious, moral and historical errors which attacked the Catholic Church. Always on the offensive for the Church, he fought in so successfully Christian a manner that no wounds or animosity were left. His work, even in argument, was for analysis and enlightenment and charity. The record shows the list of his polemics, but his "atmosphere" and personality were the opposite of a controversialist. He was first and notably kind and genuinely benign.

He was a master of science and religion at once. Highly educated in this country and abroad and thoroughly intelligent, he was a successful doctor and teacher of the science of medicine. There was no remnant of the nineteenth century split between science and religion in his life work. His was an early and precedent-setting success in the work of integrating contemporary science into the truths and traditions of Christianity. As doctor, teacher, lecturer, writer, he led his countrymen in the true understanding of a full Christian outlook which comprehends the most challenging scientific knowledge.

Dr. Walsh wrote more than fifty books in addition to his articles and lectures. Many of these were scientific, scholarly or popular, and many were historical. We will mention only two—two which prove with no possible doubt the creative mind of the author and which exert on our manner of thinking and very framework of thought a continued influence. "The Education of the Founding Fathers of the Republic" set forth with a clarity and certainty and aliveness which is still gaining new and important recognition the Christian and Catholic basis of the intellectual and political conceptions of the founders of the United States. The American Revolution is shown to be no superficial revolt against the wisdom of Western civilization, but a new step in the tradition of Christendom. "The Thirteenth, the Greatest of Centuries" is already a classic expression of the reorientation of medieval studies. Presenting the fruits of the modern scholarship which erased the adjective "Dark" from the "Ages of Faith," this book has already brought generations of students and readers of history a truer knowledge of our actual past and so a fuller and more civilized appreciation of the Church in the World.

It is no wonder then that Dr. Walsh was greatly honored in his life and that Archbishop Spellman presided at his funeral. He was a Papal Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory, and a Knight of Malta. He was a professor at universities and colleges; he received degrees and awards from organizations of religion and science and patriotic societies. He has died at the age of seventy-six loved in the many places where he was known, and honored universally and with a justice which rarely in a man's lifetime so correctly appraises what he has done and what he was.

Readers who have been following the drive for 1,000 Associates to prevent cessation of publication of THE COMMONWEAL *will want to know of the progress of the campaign. More than one-quarter of the needed sum has now been attained. A good start, but the goal is still some distance off. Readers who want* THE COMMONWEAL *to continue are urged to enroll as Associates without delay.*

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Filipino Women

An American who knows them gives recognition to a permanent source of strength.

***By* Julia Bell Merriman**

WHEN WE LEARN the whole story of the gallant Filipinos with General MacArthur, we will hear praise of the Filipino woman's part. We will learn of her calm assurance in the face of danger and the ability with which she has carried on the tasks of industry as well as home in the absence of husband and son.

The Filipino is the only Christian woman of the Orient and to Christianity she owes her power. When Spanish priests over three hundred years ago brought to the Philippines Christianity with its veneration of the Mother of Our Lord and consequent respect for all mothers, they gave the Filipino woman a secure hold in the home and heart of her men. In the midst of the heathen Orient the Christian Filipino woman wields a strong influence not only in home and church but also in business and industry.

I came to the Philippines as a teacher. It was through her children and their great respect and devotion that I first came to appreciate the Filipino woman. As the years passed I learned to know her in all walks of life: the keen business woman handling big estates and sugar centrals, the humble farm woman selling the produce of her few acres at the public market, the teacher, the pharmacist, the doctor—but no matter how great or small her outside interest, always first the devoted mother.

Every Filipino idealizes his mother and pays her great respect. I cannot recall ever hearing a Filipino child use an impatient tone or say an impertinent word to his mother. I have never seen a Filipino child mistreated.

The Church early taught the command: Honor thy father and thy mother. Filipino children are taught to kiss the hands of their parents as a sign of love and respect. Often I have seen them, dressed for church, stop and, one by one, little children, boys and girls of high school age, raise their mother's work worn hand and kiss it before departing.

A new status in the Orient

Anyone who knows the Filipino people will feel sure that the Japanese appeals to come over to their side will fall on scornful ears. The Filipinos being Christian can never feel in union with the heathen Japanese no matter how fair the promises. Especially is this true in the case of the Filipino woman. She is well aware of her unique place among Oriental women. She knows too that she owes this to the Catholic Church. A Filipino woman, a fellow teacher, first brought home to me what all Christian women, Catholic or Protestant, today owe to the Church for the esteem in which it holds woman the world over. This realization has given the Filipino woman a very special devotion to the Church.

The Filipino woman appreciates the American way of life. She has been very expert in sifting out the chaff in her adaptation of American customs. She is keenly interested in the educational opportunities offered. I have come in contact with thousands of mothers of many races through years of teaching; I am now president of a parent-teacher association in the shadow of New York City; but the mother who stands out in my mind as the most interested in her children's school life is a Filipino mother.

Mrs. Reyes had eleven living children whom she was determined to educate. Her husband's salary as a government employee was inadequate, so she handled an embroidery business in addition to running her home. In spite of all the demands on her time, she always came to the school on visiting days. Often she had the baby in her arms and a two-year-old by the hand when she visited my classes. Her understanding of English was limited but she looked around the cheerful room with an intelligently appraising glance. She smiled encouragement when I called on her Juan, Maria, or Concepcion to recite. She was always present at school entertainments.

Mrs. Reyes was determined to break through the barrier of a foreign language and foreign customs to discover what her children were learning. After supper each night as her family sat around the table, she asked her boys and girls to tell her what they had learned that day at school. On Washington's Birthday she asked them about this American hero in whose honor they were celebrating a holiday. I have among my Filipino mementos the theme Maria Reyes wrote on the subject, "How I Spent Washington's Birthday." I shall quote it exactly as she wrote it in a language which was foreign to her until she began school:

> We began telling stories about Washington, the truth

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teller, while we ate our dinner happily. After washing the plates, I called my little brothers and sisters and told them stories about Washington and his hatchet and about his home in Mt. Vernon and the iron key of the Bastille which Lafayette sent him. They were very interested in my stories. In the afternoon we went to the ciné and stayed two hours. When we returned home, we were surprised to see the picture of Washington from my history book hanging on the wall decorated with flowers. My mother told us to give a cheer for Washington, the truth teller. Our cheer was hurrah for Washington. Thus ended his birthday.

Mainstay of education

Mrs. Reyes was outstanding, but there were many Filipino mothers in her company. There were no compulsory education laws in the Philippines under American rule, but Filipino mothers overcrowded the schools with their children. While adhering to the lovely native dress for themselves, they made great sacrifices to send their children to school clad in spotless white clothes of simple American cut. I never had in my classes a Filipino pupil who was not clean in person and attire.

A student in the University confided to me that he had only one white linen suit of American style and that his mother washed it out every night so that he might appear immaculate at class next day. In tropical huts of nipa palm there are no fires by which to dry clothes, and during the damp rainy season this mother until late in the night ironed that suit with her heavy charcoal iron to dry it.

A Filipino teacher with whom I rode to and from the University where we both taught used to tell me of her efforts to Americanize her home. Her husband had been educated in the United States and loved to tell her of the charm and convenience of American homes. She herself had never visited the United States until two years ago when she came to see her daughter at Columbia University, but she developed a modern home of which any woman might be proud. She formed a club of progressive women and they studied American home magazines. I remember the day she bought her pressure cooker and astonished her friends by the ease and quickness with which she prepared a favorite native dish of cow's feet, a matter of hours and hours on a native charcoal stove.

The late General Leonard Wood when governor general of the Islands was very appreciative of the fine qualities of Filipino women. In a personal letter to me he wrote:

> I have said many complimentary things about Filipino women and have recommended each year to the legislature that they be given the suffrage under the same conditions as the men. The Filipino woman is a great influence in holding the family together, handling its small savings. She conducts much of the business of the Islands and is generally the financial head of the family, the thrifty, the saving one. She is a devoted mother and is largely responsible for such prosperity as her family attains.

In an early book on the Philippines, "An Observer in the Philippines," by Devins, written when America was still curious about the wards she had acquired by her expansion to the Orient, I read this statement: "Among no other people of the East, it is said by those who have traveled extensively, is the position of woman so high as in the Philippines."

"Career" women

Even the early observers took note of this superiority. Devins also comments on the Filipino woman's business ability and the fact that after marriage she continues to hold her pre-marital property in her own name and under her own management. Modest, quiet and charming, the Filipino woman always thinks first of her home, but she also exhibits keen business ability. She has an unusual capacity for managing both jobs. The Philippines is an agricultural country and it is on the farm that the women have the greatest opportunity to display their business acumen.

The wife of the Filipino farmer not only goes to the fields to help plant and harvest the crops, but also assumes the task of selling the produce of the little farm. Often as a side line she has a stall at the town market, where she sells vegetables and chickens raised on her farm or cloth woven on a hand loom in her home. She takes her young baby with her to market and lets him swing in a bamboo cradle above the booth while she serves her customers.

A chief of one of the government bureaus said to me: "We Filipinos from the humblest to the highest always turn over to our wives our pay envelopes untouched. They hand back to us whatever spending money they consider the family budget will warrant."

A country woman typical of the many found from one end of the Islands to the other was thus described by a Filipino student in a theme on "A Successful Woman":

> I came to know this woman through her husband who looks after our hacienda in Silang. She is in her early thirties and is the mother of five children. Besides devoting much time to her housework, she helps her husband in every possible way with his farm work. In the fields she helps him with the planting and harvest. She receives her husband's share of the harvest and the payment from the tenants for the lease of the land on which her husband is in charge. She keeps all the books. On Thursdays and Saturdays, which are market days in Silang, she opens a small dry goods store. She makes children's dresses which she sells in this store and earns much money.

One wonders at such energy in a tropical land. And with it all she remains unhurried and unruffled.

Another of my students told me of a successful woman in his province who made a fortune from

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a humble beginning. When Mrs. Santos was only eighteen her parents died, leaving her as her only inheritance a small nipa hut and a diamond ring. She sold the ring for fifty dollars. With this small capital she opened a community store, known locally as a *tienda,* in which are sold fruit, vegetables, soap, and other household articles by the penny-worth. The *tienda* prospered to such an extent that in a few years Mrs. Santos was able to buy a large store in the capital of her province. She invested her profits from this store in rice lands. She was soon very wealthy. She married a lawyer who was also owner of a large abaca plantation and began to run a large hemp business in addition to her other activities. In the midst of all her business enterprises she found time to bear children and rear her family. Church days find her in regular attendance.

In Manila there is a large jewelry business, formerly with branch offices in London and Amsterdam, which was built up entirely by a Filipino woman. She is the mother of six young children and when I visited her office, she was more interested in telling me of her children's progress in school than of her own business success. At the New York World's Fair I saw an interesting exhibit by this woman.

Filipino women have entered the professions in great numbers. Their favorite profession is pharmacy and they are crowding the men out of the schools of pharmacy. Even the three-century-old University of Santo Tomas had to open its college of pharmacy to women several years ago.

A Filipino teacher in explaining to me why girls choose pharmacy said: "Pharmacy appeals to the Filipino woman as an ideal profession for her because it lends itself admirably to a combination of homemaking and business. The Filipino pharmacist can have her home upstairs and her drug store underneath and thus be able to supervise both."

Filipino women are also entering the medical profession. There are over a hundred engaged in active medical practice in the Islands. The majority of these physicians are married and have children. In speaking of her double responsibility one of these physicians said: "We women of the Philippines do not believe in birth control, for it is opposed to our religious teachings. Besides, our country needs our children and we feel it our duty to marry and bear them." She went on to explain how the women can be free to enter a profession or undertake a business career without neglecting their homes, which always come first with them: "We have no servant problem here. If we have money from outside work, we can get plenty of servants and if we treat them kindly they are glad to make their homes with us for life. Then, too, family ties are very strong with us and there is always a mother, aunt, sister, or cousin willing to serve as housekeeper." These women of the Philippine Islands thus can enter business and professional life, with small danger to the stability of the home. Their family and home is indeed the base from which their activities grow.

Native Culture and the Missions

With Asia in ferment an important book from the Vatican teaches respect for native tradition.

By **Jean C. de Menasce**

FROM apostolic times the Church has been faced with one of the gravest of alternatives: should those pagans who accepted the Faith be made over into Jews or made to adopt Jewish customs. As M. Maritain observes in his recent book on Saint Paul, the Apostle understood that " the Messiah of the Jewish people had not come only for the Jewish people, but for all the nations of the earth . . . that the Church, or the Kingdom of God journeying here below, the Kingdom of redemption carried on from generation to generation, was neither a Jewish sect nor a religious extension of the theocracy of Israel over all the peoples of the earth. . . . "

Today after twenty centuries of intimate contact and constant interchange with Western culture and mentality, the missionary Church is confronted with an equally grave alternative for the destiny and salvation of mankind. As with the judaizers of ancient times there are some who would westernize the Chinese or the peoples of India in order to bring them into the atmosphere of Christianity. There are others who, with greater perception, hold that since it had proved possible to discard the outward Jewish forms then all the more logically the message of the Gospel can be divested of its western countenance.

Archbishop Costantini, Secretary of the Congregation of the Propaganda, deals with this important question as it relates to art in mission lands in his recent book "L'Arte Cristiana nelle Missioni" (Tipografia Poliglotta Vaticana).

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Archbishop Costantini, former Apostolic Delegate to China, had been able to see for himself the bad results from a missionary viewpoint of a certain western cultural imperialism at once naive and cumbersome. Such an attitude arouses resistance and mistrust in native intellectual circles and ends by convincing the people to be evangelized that Christianity is a *foreign* religion which supplants indigenous cultures and transforms each people into a sort of spiritual colony of Europe.

Of course we all know that Christianity is neither Jewish nor European but divine; that Christianity is never foreign but is at home everywhere, not by title of conquest but by right of citizenship. But we are often reluctant to allow it to assume the friendly and unforbidding forms which, without in any way compromising its absolute transcendance, would bring it into continuity with local cultures, placing it at the very heart of each civilization as a gift brought indeed from outside yet entirely autochthonous. It is easy enough to reach theoretical agreement but in actual practice how much hesitation there is, and hypocrisy and childish self esteem. "Paul," writes Msgr. Battifol, "insists that this Christian truth be brought into the full light of day and that there should be neither any uncertainty in theory nor any hesitation in practise. Peter is at one with Paul in theory: in practise he shows inconsistency in his hesitation to give up the observances of the Old Law, *"Conversationis fuit vitium, non praedicationis,"* Tertullian was to say somewhat later. Archbishop Costantini does not want these "conversations" to interfere with true teaching and he wages war against the Romanesque, Gothic or Baroque churches which have been imposed not too tactfully in the oases of the Sahara and in the Chinese countryside.

Not only is Archbishop Costantini able, because he is an art critic, to deplore this lack of taste, but because he is a man having authority he can see to it that things are done and has again and again acted to break down all misunderstanding and make it known that Christ *"non eripit mortalia qui regna dat caelestia."* To the missionaries in China he has given very specific instructions. To some the stand he has taken may have seemed daringly novel. In a letter written to Bishop Walsh, at that time Apostolic Prefect of Kongmoon, he showed how that which to some minds appeared as novel was in reality in full continuity with the great missionary tradition of the Church: "I state no new principle when I say that church buildings must be divested of their western architectural character and draw their inspiration from local art and from the customs of the Chinese people. . . . As early as 1659 the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda was giving missionary bishops clear instructions to this effect: 'Never in any way attempt to induce the native populations to abandon their local customs so long as they are not in obvious contradiction with faith and morals. Truly what could be a greater absurdity than to transplant France or Spain or Italy or some other region of Europe in China? What you must carry with you out of Europe is not your nation but the faith which neither rejects nor disdains the manners and customs of any people so long as they are not immoral. Indeed our Faith wants to preserve these customs, holding them in the greatest respect.' "

The stand taken by Archbishop Costantini has historical justification which goes back even further. In his book he can quote the instructions of Saint Gregory the Great to Saint Augustine, the apostle to England: "Place altars and relics of the Saints in the pagan temples, purified by Holy Water, so that the people may turn to God more readily and come to worship in their new faith the more willingly because they will be entering places familiar and dear to them." One could not ask for greater audacity.

It is a fact, the author notes, that the Church has never been either timid or fearful; it is from a pagan vocabulary that she drew the terms for her own theology and philosophy. "Saint Thomas extracted from Aristotle materials to build the Summa . . . and the Christians of Cordoba did not hesitate to make a cathedral of their marvelous mosque." Today the Church is called upon to effect the world over what the Christian humanism of the Fathers and the Schoolmen did for Greco-Roman civilization.

This missionary attitude is not a political expedient, nor the tactics of colonization, nor a modern or archeological fad of esthetics. It results directly from a keen and reasoned sense of the Incarnation and from a religious respect for all that is good in nature. Grace does not destroy nature, the supernatural character of Christianity does not render it inhuman, it is in every fibre that a man becomes a Christian. It is not in the desert that we build the church but upon the foundations of a pagan basilica. Nor is it through adaptability or in order to make itself acceptable that Christianity, like the purest wax, takes shape in the forms of local artistic techniques: it does so to the end that it remain absolutely faithful to its essential catholicity. "It is the catholic character of the Church," writes Archbishop Costantini, "which insists that everything having a positive value in the world, that all that brings light, no matter how modest a light, that all truths and all beauty must be incorporated in herself."

Numerous illustrations in the book show results already obtained through this immensely Christian humanism. And in looking through "L'Arte Cristiana nelle Missioni" one is both happy and surprised to see how many bishops, how many missionaries and neophytes have

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grasped the importance of the problem. The writer places before us a sort of pentecost of the arts in which the Christian message is proclaimed and given form in the speech and through the imagery of Papua, Ethiopia, India, Japan.

No race on earth, no civilization no matter how refined and complex can claim an exclusive right to express the Christian message nor to extract from that message the full richness of its human qualities. And no race, no civilization no matter how rudimentary can rightly be disdained and its voice left unheard. The catholicity of the Church demands that every race and every temperament —as the notes in a symphonic score and as the instruments of an orchestra with their different tonalities—take their place and play their part in creating the beauty of the whole. It is not through any condescending but through love and esteem that the Church has absorbed all that had merit and value in the legacy of Israel, in the philosophy and arts of the Greeks, in Rome's juridical temper. The Christian spirit developed its inherent possibilities thanks to the diverse temperaments of the French and the Italians and the English and the Spanish and the Russians and the Germans. Is the achievement final? Not at all. The Catholic mind of the Church awaits patiently, and impatiently, that further enrichment which will come from the conversion of the Chinese—those gentle and exquisite people, the friends of nature, whose calm sense of respect for what must be respected is allied to their sense of humor in this phrase of Confucius: "A loving son does not wander close to the edge of a ravine nor does he climb the precipitous mountain side for fear of bringing anxiety to his parents." The Church has a need for the ancient chivalry of those Japanese who say of a man truly great that he is a man of blood but of tears, of action but also of compassion. There was a missionary who once said that we would have to await the conversion of India, most probably, before we could have a good commentary on the Gospel according to Saint John. And Saint Paul tells us that the conversion of Israel will be for us the resurrection of the dead.

Impact of war

Reading this book one is struck of course by the sad fact that its publication coincides with the full tumult of war. Certainly it will prove difficult for missionaries in their present sorry plight, struggling with war, famine and lack of funds, to procure this work and follow its counsel. Yet if the war makes it difficult to distribute the book it is in the war and in all that the war implies that we find the true background against which to measure the book's universal importance. For our sad humanity is wracked by two opposing tendencies. There are those who would unite the world and are most willing therefore to transform it into a uniform and rigidly ordered barracks. And others, who think only of preserving their way of life, would shatter humanity into irremediably opposed and isolated fragments. It would seem that no way lay open between Charybdis and Scylla: here the master race seeks to unite the world with its technocracy and its police, there the fragmentation, adamant and ever suspicious, of nationalistic particularisms which cling, surly and self centered, to a sort of spiritual autarchy.

The missionary Church shows that it is possible to achieve unity while yet protecting and preserving diversity. "In her spiritual conquest," says Archbishop Costantini, "the Church does not destroy civilizations nor level them; through her powerful spirit of unity and universality she unites without bringing deformation nor suffocation. Just as the Saints, in their never ending attempt to imitate ever more closely their sole model which is Our Lord, do not lose their personal originality, so do native arts not become standardized in becoming Christian."

The spiritual and social implications of this book bring a strong confirmation to the words of Msgr. de Solages: "Catholicism appears an almost necessary link between the various parts of the universe." At the Versailles "Semaine Sociale" this French prelate asked: "How can we live together when the evolution of the modern world serves on the one hand to bring nations and civilizations closer together in a material sense while, on the other hand, this same process aggravates nationalistic feelings and intensifies the absorption of every nation in its particular culture? The more these civilizations—which must exist together upon a planet which each day grows smaller—tend to preserve and even to accentuate their special characteristics, the more necessary it becomes for their basic laws and their fundamental institutions to find their rules in the principles of the Gospel, principles which alone can provide a truly human civilization." Christians must realize the immense and complex rôle which is theirs to fill. "Christianity faces now a problem of absolutely vital importance—that of spiritual universality," wrote Maritain in 1936. "Practically speaking this problem can be solved only through the grace and effusion of the Holy Ghost. It demands a liberation and an ordering of values carried out to an heroic degree in order to testify that the spiritual prevails and that the religion of Christ is independent of those things which are Caesar's, independent of the régimes of worldly civilizations—as of the burden of long established and accepted injustice which often inheres in them —just as it is independent of those forms of idolatry which spring from race or class or nation or state considered as an absolute."

We are not unaccustomed to find Catholic con-

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temporary writers giving full support to such conceptions. But what is of special importance in Archbishop Costantini's book is that we find that these ideas which concern the manner and import of the Church's teaching are shared by men who —to use a common expression—hold key positions in the administration of the Church. There are not two Churches but one alone, and the labor and achievement of thought carried on by the people of Christendom through a slow process of osmosis are absorbed by the whole organism. Thus when the Hierarchy adopts and proclaims these "ideas which are in the air" then the universal Church stands no longer simply in the presence of brilliant essays by brilliant men. What was once perhaps but a magazine article has become a rule.

And these ideas concerning art and the missions which were for so long merely "in the air" now are in pontifical documents and Archbishop Costantini can quote as a final and definite rule for action a decision—which puts an end to all the "buts" and the "are they really prepared for such a change" and the "is it prudence?"—the encyclical of Pius XII. *Roma locuta est, causa finita est.* "The Church of Christ faithful depositary of the divine and teaching wisdom cannot conceive, and does not conceive of attacking or disdaining those special characteristics which all peoples, with jealous piety and comprehensible pride, preserve and esteem as comprising their precious heritage. Her aim is to achieve the supernatural unity of a universal love felt and actively shared in, and not that exclusively external uniformity which can only be superficial and consequently debilitating. . . . All those who enter the Church whatever their origin and tongue must know that they possess equal rights with all the children in the house of the Lord."

Michelangelo and Max Mitza, the painter of the little clay-built churches of the Congo, have the same right to paint Christ and His Saints on the walls of our churches. Pacelli, the Roman, and the dark-skinned Kiwanuka have an equal right to the plenitude of the priesthood and to stand before us and among us as the Apostles stood. Confucius and Plato share the dignity of providing the natural foundations for the Christian spiritual edifice. But no Jim Crow, either on the social plane or the intellectual or the artistic, can find a place of rest in the House of the Father.

Army On Parole

A source of patriotism and strength still blocked by old penal laws.

By **Charles J. Dutton**

THE OTHER EVENING a well known air commentator read a letter from an individual who wanted to know how he could serve his country, either in the army or navy. He wrote he was in perfect physical health, average stature, had received a good education, and his age was twenty-one. But the reply, which probably millions of listeners heard, was that no matter how keen was his desire to join our fighting forces, under no circumstances could this wish be granted. He happened to be in prison.

The commentator evidently did not know that the Attorney General, through the F.B.I., is considering a plan whereby men eligible for parole will be allowed to enlist in our armed forces. Though the federal prisons only are under the jurisdiction of the Department of Justice, any proposed change there would also affect state prisons.

During the years I was a senior agent in the Pennsylvania Department of Justice, having in charge every man on parole in six thousand square miles, this question came up at least twice a month. Always from young men of twenty years or younger, who wished to join the navy or army. They were told this was impossible. I knew they would make good soldiers and sailors, realized too, that the discipline would be a fine thing for them. I always had to say no. Even had I been willing to do a little lying to conceal the fact they were on parole, their finger prints, having been checked, would have betrayed them. They would have been dismissed.

The individuals I had to tell that their country's fighting forces did not desire their services were always what we term "first offenders." That is, young men who had served their first term in prison and were now out on parole. The young man who asked the question read over the air was a first offender. The offense for which he is serving two years in prison was, it is true, a breach of the law, but it was nothing anyone could term a serious crime.

What are prisoners?

One wonders a little. All day long, in a steady stream, we are deluged with the words "America

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wants men. Young men." Yet several thousand men, who would gladly serve their country are denied that privilege. Somehow, when we examine the idea which we are told lies behind the law, it does not make sense. Our prisons, society is informed, exist for the purpose of both punishment and correction. We confine offenders against our laws not only as a punishment and deterrent to others, but also to see that they are unable to injure society further. Parole is based upon the assumption that the supervision of men outside of prison will, in most cases, aid in their rehabilitation. Its object is to provide discipline and to aid them in becoming what we call good members of society.

Now, anyone familiar with the facts of parole, realizes that very few of those who are supervised ever commit another crime. In my former state, 86 percent of the men who came out of prison to go upon parole never committed another crime or ever again became involved in any sort of trouble. The state of New York has an even better record. Its last figures were very fine, showing about four percent of the men paroled getting into new difficulties.

The army and navy act upon the assumption that every individual who gets into prison is a criminal. If by that they mean they have broken some law, the enforcement of which resulted in a prison term, they are right. But to anyone trained in criminal psychology, the word criminal has a different meaning. It does not mean that because a man has been in prison he is a criminal. He may be; the chances are he is not. The criminal, to the trained psychologist, is an individual who, because of heredity, emotional instability, etc., is a definite enemy to society, one whom the parole system cannot rebuild, one whom no laws nor special treatment can change, one who must be confined. When it comes to the professional criminal and sex offender, those who have a repeated record of offenses, who have proven by every psychological test that they cannot obey the laws, the army and navy are very right. They should not be allowed within their ranks. But, when it comes to the first offenders who make up the bulk of that 86 to 90 percent of men on parole and never again make a mistake, they are wrong.

Many of the first offenders never should have been sent to prison. In any type of scientific parole system they would not be. One of my youths upon parole went to prison because he attended one of those weddings where the celebration lasts three days and includes plenty of home-made wine and innocent fun. Going out in the air he saw a car by the curb, a car belonging to a friend. He took it for a drive around the block. Two minutes later he had run into a truck, damaged both it and the car. To his horror he was arrested, later went to prison for two years. A criminal? No. A crime committed? In a technical sense, yes. Because of it the government says he is unfit to serve his country. Hundreds of such petty cases are known to me. Cases in which the breach of the law was neither a crime in the real sense of the word, nor was the intention evil.

No individual under twenty should be sent to prison for his first offense, unless that offense, when scientifically investigated, is found to be a serious one. The entire procedure of punishment should be changed. Each case should come before a board, comprised of a well trained psychiatrist, a physician, a lawyer. The offense should be carefully investigated. Every effort should be made to discover why the youth did as he did, not what he did, since that is already known, but why. The purpose of the board should be to readjust the causes which brought about the so-called crime.

I am not speaking now of physical crimes, never of sex crimes or the crimes committed by vicious persons. They make up a very minor portion of the offenses for which men are sent to prison. I am thinking of the long list of offenses, often very minor, which, although in a sense they may injure one individual, yet never seriously harm society as a whole. It is my conviction that since 86 percent of these first offenders go along all right upon parole, it might be a good thing to start their parole at once, before they have ever entered a prison. If they did not behave, the parole board would of course send them to prison.

The assumption behind exclusion

The government has acted upon the assumption that because a young man has been in prison he is a criminal. There is also another assumption: if he has not been in prison, he is fit to serve his country if he can pass the physical and other required tests. Actually he may be everything that is vicious and bad, have emotional tendencies that lead to instability, may use the service to promote every subservient idea. But, so long as he has not been found out, so long as he has not served a prison term, he is fit to serve his country.

Every parole officer is told over and over that the duties of the officer are to see that the parolee accepts discipline, obeys the law, assumes responsibility, becomes a good citizen. Surely in the services, their daily hours filled with responsibility, with rigid discipline, knowing too, they are a part of their nation's forces, they would learn the needed lessons faster than under ordinary parole supervision. Is it not foolish to keep several thousand young men behind prison bars, paying on an average of $600 a year to keep them there, a total loss to society and to themselves, at a time when the nation needs every man it can secure?

I am not suggesting opening the prison doors and thrusting all their inmates into the armed

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forces. There are many who ought not be given their freedom. I am suggesting, that, after a strict investigation, careful consideration, using the same system employed by good parole boards (if it is considered the prisoner should be granted parole) then that individual, if he so desires, should be permitted to serve his country. In our prisons today there are thousands of young men who have made one mistake. They have but one wish. Out of their meager savings the inmates of the Ohio State Penitentiary have already bought $7,000 worth of defense savings. In half a dozen other prisons they have pledged from $1,000 to $5,000. In all of the prisons they are buying bonds. They want to fight for their country and have been told she needs men. Sooner or later most of them will be out of prison. After a few months, or years, they will "make their parole" and never again trouble society. We will of course demand much from them. They will pay taxes, give to defense work. Society will expect these things from them, but one thing society will not at present do: allow them to serve their country by enlistment in its armed forces. Many of these men have the very qualities the services need. Good physical endowment, a spirit of adventure, youth. Some of these qualities got them into trouble. The same qualities, wisely directed, could be of immense value to us all.

If every man who has at one time or another broken some of our laws was caught, and sent to prison, how many of us would be now available to serve our country?

These men sincerely, humbly, desire to serve, if needs be, to die for their country. They should be given that chance.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

ONE of the most sadly significant facts revealed in Wilhelm Solzbacher's important article, "The Church and the Spanish State," in the February 27 issue of THE COMMONWEAL, was the extent to which German nazi propaganda, in both the press and the radio, has all but eliminated the press and radio propagation of Catholic teachings in Spain. For example, nazi news bulletins and talks in Spanish, all directed by the Goebbels monopoly, over the radio, constantly stream throughout Spain from four long-wave stations and a large number of short-wave stations, six hours a day. "Catholic Action magazines," says the article, "have tried to counterbalance this nazi propaganda by publishing regularly the time schedule of the Vatican radio. But—the Vatican has no long-wave (most receiving sets in Spain have no short-wave part), uses only one wave-length at a time, which is not always easily received, broadcasts 15 minutes a day and every fifth Sunday in Spanish for Spain, twice a week a half hour for Central America, and once a week 15 minutes for the Philippines. That is altogether 3 hours 45 minutes a week. Since last spring, comments on current world events, nazi paganism, etc., have been discontinued under fascist pressure. (French Catholics used to say: 'Mussolini's cannon proved to be stronger than the canons of the Church.') In Spain as well as elsewhere the Vatican radio can play only a small part in warding off the pagan propaganda of the totalitarian networks."

Well, we know—for all experience of Christian history proves the fact—that in Spain, as elsewhere—and "elsewhere" now grimly applies to vast populations and many nations, and great and growing territories of the whole earth—the pagan propaganda of the totalitarian powers will finally fail. The Faith will persist, will revive and rise again in power, even if the new paganism, and the ancient paganism consolidated in Japan, together should conquer the world. But we also know, as again history proves to us, that only a remnant of Christian believers may be left, in many countries, as seed in its soil, to await the spring of reawakened Christian liberty.

It is such a possibility—at time it appears like a probability—that should, I think, be most seriously considered here in the United States, from the point of view how best to meet and deal with it. Should not American Catholics, I wonder, do far more than at present in counteracting pagan propaganda in Spain, in France, in South and Central America, in Germany and the countries conquered by Germany, in addition to what we already are doing in combatting it in our own country? Could we not have Catholic radio stations directed at the peoples now living in the darkness of defeat, and tempted to despair? At least, could we not have Catholic programs added to already existing radio stations and chains? Would not work of that type, and press work aimed in the same direction, be similar in spirit to the apostolic intention and performance of our ever-growing foreign mission work? Whatever may be said in favor of policies of isolation, neutrality and strictly national self-interest in fields of economic, political or military affairs, surely spiritual isolation is totally a denial of Christianity.

Perhaps the committee of Bishops who are drawing up the program of recommended proposals based upon the Papal peace principles might think it well to take the lead in formulating and promoting a plan of international publicity emanating from American Catholics. At present, our press and radio activities, while very good and vigorous indeed when compared with other countries not so fortunately circumstanced, are still inadequate. Bolder and more professionally efficient methods are required. The fact that we employ such methods at all, and do not depend wholly upon purely spiritual and moral and educational methods, proves that our leaders recognize their value—at least potentially; but what is worth while doing at all surely is worth while doing well, and Catholic publicity, unfortunately, is far and away the weakest and least reliable of the secular instrumentalities of the Church. Surely it is high time to reform and improve present methods and adopt new ones as well.

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Communications

JAMES JOYCE

Midland Beach, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Maria Jolas, noticing the reference to James Joyce in the review of Van Wyck Brooks's "Opinions of Oliver Allston," seems to think that evidence of Joyce's orderly life, his family decency and social kindness vindicate his anarchy as an artist. This is as innocent as the notion that a Dillinger shouldn't be punished because he is good to his mother. Of course, many arty people believe this sort of thing, but the great majority of people do not. The artist like the bourgeois is responsible for all he does, particularly for what he does to men's minds. There have been artists who have written like angels and lived like the devil. Our exaltation is not an approval of their sins; on the other hand neither should our personal affection blind us to viciousness in their art.

That Joyce lived better than he wrote is not news, and it is good to hear it again. But moral anarchy is just as reprehensible in his books as it would be in his home, more so indeed for his books were deliberate and diffused. Some of the most vicious contemporary slush is written by very nice people. Even when mystic theology, let alone Catholic liturgy, rubricates these books, still they are slush and their authors vicious.

Maria Jolas read the quotation and the comment with her heart, defensively misunderstanding their significance to Joyce the book maker. I add Brooks's original comment, therefore, because I think it defines Joyce inaccurately, but with very good reasons for a better definition.

> There was James Joyce, the sick Irish Jesuit, whom Eliot described as orthodox, and who had done more than Eliot to destroy tradition. Had he not, in "Ulysses," in his "Oxen of the Sun," run through the whole of English literature, depreciating with his parodies its greatest authors, deforming every one of them, Gibbon, Burke, Goldsmith, Lamb, De Quincey, Dickens, Ruskin, Newman, Bunyan, Burns and a dozen others? What fools he made them seem, as he filled his travesties of their styles with trivial and salacious implications!—and all for the glorification of James Joyce. For what a big boy he must be to have put all these authors in their places! The past in all of Joyce's work went out in a bad smell, while Joyce settled down complacently in his "snot-green" world.

To call Joyce an Irish Jesuit, even a very sick one, compliments no Jesuit and clumsily upsets the iconoclast Joyce. As meanly as genius can do it, James Joyce defended his art by offending his faith and his fatherland. We who love both think him no compliment; tender and all that he was, he was bad.

JOHN MONAGHAN.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: A letter from Maria Jolas, on Joyce, in a recent issue of THE COMMONWEAL was of unusual interest. While I think her criticism of Father Monaghan for his humorous and quite inoffensive comment on this writer was, to say the least, extreme, her personal reminiscences about Joyce himself had distinct value. As the wife of Eugene Jolas, the editor of *transition,* both she and her talented husband had unusual opportunities to estimate Joyce's human qualities. Their interest in him as a literary artist (sections of "Finnegan's Wake" had their first appearance in *transition*) is related to their devotion to experimental literary forms and to Joyce's pre-eminence in that field. The unvarying Catholicism of Eugene Jolas, as well as his literary talent, suggest him as a writer whose personal knowledge and religious background would qualify him to write a spiritual biography of Joyce. This might reveal the restraining force that kept him outside of the Church in his later life, when his long residence in continental Europe had removed him from those aspects of Irish Catholicism for which he had a deep seated aversion. That aversion, rather than unbelief, seems to have had a great deal to do with his cutting himself away. Then there is the interesting question whether Joyce's negative attitude did not result because Irish puritanism had so convinced him of sin that he could not believe in repentance. Did he reject that puritanism inwardly, and fatally accept its standards?

BARRY BYRNE.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I feel an urge to write to THE COMMONWEAL to back every word that Maria Jolas wrote in appreciation of James Joyce in a recent issue. All famous people are the subject of malicious gossip, but Joyce more than others. As an artist he does not stand in need of praise from anybody, but the irrelevant and irresponsible attacks on his character that appear from time to time, too often in Catholic publications, call for a protest from those who were his friends. It is worth while informing a public who did not know him personally that James Joyce was a man of blameless personal life, devoted to his family and his friends, with a strong sense of duty toward them. He lived quietly and worked arduously.

The most malevolent attack on anybody that I have ever read was an article on Joyce which appeared some years ago in a Catholic monthly published in New York. The writer of this article assailed not only Joyce himself but his family, his father, his friends, his publisher, and made innuendoes of fantastic proportions. Because this extraordinary document appeared in a Catholic publication and in the front pages, people gave it undue credence, even though they were shocked by its uncharitableness and malice. His friends kept it from Joyce at the time, but he finally did see the stuff some short time before his death; he was sorry that he had not seen it in time to take an action for libel. He was not concerned about it on his own account, but for its effect on his family. I personally know what the effect was on his daughter of these attacks on her father. Adverse criticism of a man's works is a different thing: every writer has to put up with that.

As all of the personal attacks that I have read, except Van Wyck Brooks's, have appeared over Irish names, it might be well to inquire whether this is accidental or arising out of something inherent in Irish Catholicism.

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Now in spite of the fact that Ireland has produced out of all proportion to her population a large number of highly trained minds and persons of high intellectual distinction, there is a marked strain of anti-intellectualism running through Irish life which Irish Catholics have brought to this country. This in turn has given rise to an accusation of anti-intellectualism against the Church in America, now predominantly Irish. And this opens up a problem which will soon have to be faced. Catholics not only accept an inferior intellectual status, but are inclined to fall for any sort of intellectual humbug provided it comes from people who have no connection with the Church. Catholic-trained intellectuals, if they are sufficiently outstanding, are too often subjected to irrelevant attacks. Then there is the strong Irish objection to openly criticizing anything that might have reference to the church or the priests of the Church. I say "openly," because a strong covert criticism goes on all the time. Now, of course, there is an explanation for this anti-intellectualism and this fear of criticism in the unhappy history of the Catholic Church in Ireland during the penal days when Church and priest were outlawed much as the Jews are today in Germany. To criticize anything connected with the Church or clergy, even in non-religious matters, was actually a break in unity, a disruption of the home front. The Church was fighting for survival in those days, and there was a reason for the defensive attitude. But there is no reason for this fear of criticism any more, if there ever was a reason in this country. It is very hard to understand what Father Monaghan thinks gives him the right to talk with such condescension about the "poor soul of Joyce." Of the three theological virtues, faith, hope and charity, we have Saint Paul's word for it that the greatest is charity, and Joyce had that virtue to an extraordinary degree. The whole intellectual structure of his mind was Catholic, and he was soaked in Catholic doctrine and Catholic philosophy. He did give up Church practices and was, as Mrs. Jolas says, in open rebellion against some of the things that were done in the name of religion. Whether he died in the Church or not, I do not know. But that such a spirit as his should be subject to anybody's scorn is preposterous. I think Van Wyck Brooks's comments on Jayce—"a sick Irish Jesuit," "the ashes of a smoked-out cigar" and so on—are just a meaningless string of words.

In conclusion, I should like to ask Father Monaghan if he knows of any finer and more deep-felt tribute to the Church than this from Joyce's "Ulysses," which I know will be read with exaltation by any reader of THE COMMONWEAL interested in beautiful writing and lofty emotion:

> The proud potent titles clanged over Stephen's memory the triumph of their brazen bells: *et unam sanctam catholicam et apostolicam ecclesiam:* the slow growth and change of rite and dogma like his own rare thoughts, a chemistry of stars. Symbols of the apostles in the mass for Pope Marcellus, the voices blended, singing alone aloud in affirmation: and behind their chant the vigilant angel of the church militant disarmed and menaced her heresiarchs. A horde of heresies fleeing with mitres awry: Photius and the brood of mockers of whom Mulligan was one, and Arius, warring his life long upon the consubstantiality of the Son with the Father, and Valentine, spurning Christ's terrene body, and the subtle African heresiarch Sabellius who held that the Father was Himself His own Son. Words Mulligan had spoken a moment since in mockery to the stranger. Idle mockery. The void awaits surely all them that weave the wind: a menace, a disarming and a worsting from those embattled angels of the church. Michael's host, who defend her ever in the hour of conflict with their lances and their shields.

MARY M. COLUM.

Arlington, Vt.

TO the Editors: Probably THE COMMONWEAL will receive many other letters from readers pointing out the oddest inaccuracy in the otherwise admirable "Positive Talk" editorial in the February 27 number; but on the chance that others will perhaps not happen to write you about this, I send along my comment.

The author says, "We have a body of thirteen million citizens who inspire sentiments of aversion in a great body of their fellow-citizens." But as a well-known matter of fact, most white Americans like—many love—Negroes, *if they are in a class socially inferior to theirs.* Negroes who are ignorant and servants generally seem to inspire a real liking in their employers. It is only when they are well-educated (or trying to become so), cultivated and accomplished, or with aspirations to other things which white Americans consider good things to have and to be, that white Americans seems to feel this "aversion."

This casts some more light on the subject. Or so it seems to this elderly Vermonter.

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER.

HOLY COMMUNION IN HAWAII

Worcester, Mass.

TO the Editors: Father Strahan's report, "Holy Communion in Hawaii," in the Inner Forum of THE COMMONWEAL (February 6) is the most moving piece of prose I ever remember reading in your columns. It does great honor at once to your periodical, to the Catholic priesthood, particularly its members engaged as chaplains, and above all to the Catholic soldiers whose unpretentious virtue and beautiful devotion the report celebrates. Even an expanded editorial can be classical in quality, and Father Strahan's article belongs to that high and rare category. To read it is to be (in aspiration at any rate) a better Catholic and a better American.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

DAKOTAS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Among the many excellent articles I have found in THE COMMONWEAL during the past two years, there are few that I have enjoyed more than those relating life in the Dakotas, by Thomas D. Lyons. During these times of stress and anguish it is perhaps helpful to relax and give some thought to certain historical aspects of life in these United States which are rather near to us and, indeed, within the span of our own life. I would not like to be called an "escapist" because I enjoy tales of the old West, but it seems to me that it is well for all of us to know something of the folk

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who helped make this country and who pioneered when life was less complex. The more we know of our immediate forebears the more likely will we be able to appreciate the benefits we have enjoyed in this country and the more ready will we be to see to it that we preserve our ideals today.

When I read the first article by Mr. Lyons, "Big Buffalo Hunt," in the February 21, 1941, issue of our publication, I was ready for more. Here was a story that *smelled* of the soil and the characters were vital, stirring and alive. A few years ago I spent several weeks in remote sections of Montana and saw a bit of the Dakota country from the train window, but how I wish that fate could have put me in touch with such characters as Old Dakoty and Mr. Lyons's own father! Then we were treated to other articles, "Education in Dakota" (March 21, 1941); "Going to College" (April 18, 1941); "Big Injun Wagon-Box Fight" (July 4, 1941)—and what a rip-snorter that was!—"Dakota Blizzard" (December 27, 1941)—shades of Hitler's Russian weather troubles—"Preparedness—1890" (September 20, 1940). Let us have more of the same.

When I think of such truncated evaluations of life in these United States as those by the French writer, George Duhamel, and even Chesterton's abbreviated understanding of the American scene, I pray that some publisher may be found to put all of these stories by Mr. Lyons between book covers. Particularly so at this time when events have brought many of other lands to our shores. In conversations with some of these political or cultural refugees I realize that Mr. Lyons's salty characters and his sympathetic and deep understanding of those men and women who made this country would be a tonic for our friends from other lands. And they would also be a salutary warning to others, not so friendly, who grumble at certain of our idiosyncrasies but who fail to realize what a reservoir of potential energy for good this country can be. More power to Mr. Lyons.

MAURICE LAVANOUX.

The Stage & Screen

Guest in the House

THE ice-pick murder in "Brooklyn, U.S.A." was inside-page filler compared to the murder Hagar Wilde and Dale Eunson have contrived for the happy conclusion of "Guest in the House."

Here is the set-up: an attractive young Connecticut matron, happily married to a magazine illustrator, invites her sixteen-year-old cousin, ill with heart disease and abused by her alcoholic father, to visit her. It quickly develops that the cousin is overly fond of washing her hands and playing Liebestraum on the phonograph, and overly unfond of proximate birds. Less quickly it develops that the outwardly saccharine invalid is a sly little trouble-maker. She sets her host and hostess against each other; arrests her host's career and drives her hostess to the verge of a nervous breakdown; scares away the servants; transfers her own neuroses to the young daughter. Finally, she makes a play for her host, and when that fails, frames him in a scandal.

When *that* fails—but I won't give away more of the plot, in case the play is still running. The point I want to make is that the authors exercise considerable skill in developing the portrait of an advanced psychopathic case of twisted, frustrated personality. But the other characters see—once she is unmasked—only her superficial naughtiness, or rather wickedness, as it seems to them. That might be the theme for a perceptive, compassionate play: for a long while I suspected, or at least hoped, that it *was* the theme, as when Evelyn professes her love for her host, and he, until then attentive to a degree that the most normal young woman might misinterpret, crudely and brutally rejects her, precipitating thereby everything that follows.

However, the authors see her behaviour on the same superficial level as he; her passionate profession indicates to them not thwarted libido but inexcusable disloyalty. "Monster" is the wife's description of Evelyn, and the authors wholeheartedly concur, and ask our applause when they cause their most sympathetic character to murder her by a shockingly inhuman trick which plays her mental against her physical illness.

I shouldn't have given the play this much attention, if the authors hadn't worked with enough skill to extend their callous cruelty to the bulk of the audience, which audibly welcomed the conclusion. We can expect next to see Miss Wilde and Mr. Eunson whipping up a crowd to a lynching.

Mary Anderson's performance as Evelyn deserved the play I mentioned above, that should have been written, but wasn't. *(At the Plymouth.)*

Iolanthe

IT'S hard to pick a favorite among Gilbert and Sullivan's operas. Two weeks ago, mine was "The Mikado," but this week it's "Iolanthe." The score, it seems to me, is Sullivan's richest, the lyrics are Gilbert's wittiest, satire, fantasy and romance are most deftly blended.

Or is it that the Boston Comic Opera Company has become progressively more deft during its repertory? Theirs are in no way sensational performances. Sensibly, the direction has subordinated its own imagination to Gilbert's and Sullivan's. It has tried to make each opera a harmonious whole rather than a springboard for spectacular effects or a vehicle for brilliant voices.

The voice, for example, of Miss Kathleen Roche, who sings Phyllis, is never brilliant. But it is always charming, fresh and lyric, and her dainty appearance and miming are a perfect match. Miss Roche has come ahead steadily since "Pinafore."

And so has Florenz Ames, the Lord Chancellor. The wry arrangements of his clownish features and the antic dislocations of his members communicate an irresistible amiability, and he enunciates Gilbert's patter-lyrics with

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unimpeachable clarity; his delivery of the breath-devouring nightmare song is a triumph of comic virtuosity.

I especially enjoyed, too, Helen Lanvin's rendition of the lovely "Oh Foolish Fay." Philip Tully's Irish brogue gave a winning bucolic quality to Strephon. Robert Pitkin and Morton Bowe were consistently droll as toplofty Earls, and I would like to have stolen Frederic Persson's Private Willis for my niece's nursery. *(At the St. James.)*

DAVID BURNHAM.

To Be Or Not To Be Laughed At

ONE VIEWS the new Lubitsch comedy with somewhat mixed emotions. Not because the cast of *"To Be Or Not To Be"* includes Carole Lombard whose tragic death recently shocked the nation. Or because Jack Benny plays a rôle that is at times very serious. We are fortunate that this Alexander Korda presentation gives us the opportunity to see the lovely comedienne again and to remember her in her best style. And Mr. Benny gives a good account of himself in his difficult rôle. But the screenplay itself, written by Edwin Justus Mayer from an original story by Mr. Lubitsch and Melchior Lengyel, asks us to laugh at some very broad anti-nazi satire while we are weeping over the sad fate of stricken Poland. The plot revolves mainly about a group of ham actors in Warsaw in 1939. They are rehearsing an anti-nazi melodrama in which the "great" Joseph Tura and his flirtatious wife (Benny and Lombard) play the leads. But someone in the Polish foreign office thinks this company better stick to "Hamlet." Hitler might be offended at the political play. So we have Benny doing the famous soliloquy. But Hitler, as everyone now knows full well, is not to be counted on. Without warning he blitzes Poland, and Warsaw is laid low. Our actor friends find themselves very much complicated in plots, espionage and underground movements. What with their natural ability to disguise themselves, and having their German costumes all ready anyway, they are able to pull some pretty cute tricks. In directing this film, Ernst Lubitsch wasn't always too sure of himself; farce crosses pathos at times and runs toward madness. The production however is excellent; and the actors never let him down. Lombard and Benny are well assisted by Robert Stack as the Polish aviator who is puppyishly smitten by Carole and foolishly walks out on Jack's "To be or not to be" speech; Felix Bressart as the Jewish spear carrier who aspires to play Shylock; Tom Dugan who comes in very handy when an impersonator of Hitler is needed; Lionel Atwill, Stanley Ridges, Sig Ruman. Many of the scenes are beautifully photographed. The suspense mounts up to an exciting climax. The comedy is hilarious—even when it is hysterically thrilling. We should be able to take this kind of kidding of the Fuehrer and his boys, but perhaps we are still too close to his butchery to have the perspective that satire such as this and "The Great Dictator" demands.

Hollywood shows us various aspects of the war this week without once going into the front line trenches. *"On the Sunny Side"* brings up a subject that one might expect cinema to have worn threadbare by now: the English kids who were sent to America for safekeeping

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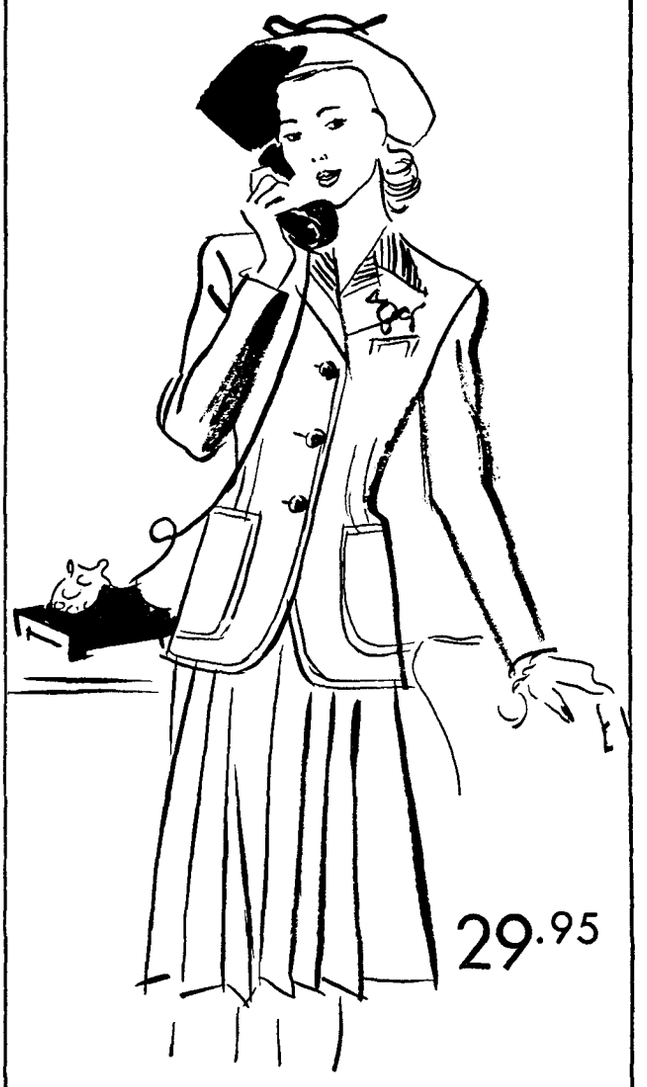

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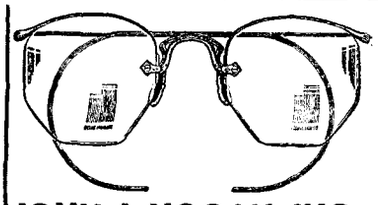

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for the duration. Perhaps the movie folk waited until they had just the right combination to cover this subject. They were wise to wait, for the success of "On the Sunny Side" is due to: Roddy McDowall, whose starry-eyed wonder, sensitive face, amazing manner and acting ability are perfect for the English lad who is sent over; Lillie Hayward and George Templeton who wrote the pleasant, unpretentious script; Harold Schuster who directed the film with sincerity and a minimum of sentiment. Of course a weeny bit of sticky sweetness does creep in, but on the whole the film stays close to Roddy and his little American host, boyfully portrayed by Don Douglas, and tries to let us see, through their eyes, what is going on. The effect is much like that delightful film of a few years ago, "The Biscuit Eater," in which we saw boys and dogs from the boys' point of view.

Without Conrad Veidt, *"Nazi Agent"* would be just an ordinary spy thriller. With Veidt in the cast, the melodrama becomes almost plausible. Although its exciting story is supposed to take place last year, it warns us that America is already in the clutches of too many nests of German spies and saboteurs. Veidt plays two rôles: Hugo, the German consul in this country, and Otto, his twin brother, a nice, quiet philatelist who would like to makes this country his home. Because Hugo forces Otto into letting the Germans use his shop as a blind for the messages of his agents, Otto finally kills his brother and takes his place as consul. He is then able to do some effective work in exposing the spies. He gets a little soft about one of them (Ann Ayars) who is repentant, but succeeds in having most of them ousted. "I hope you don't think you have put an end to our work," Martin Kosleck sneers before departure. "No," Otto replies, "but I am only one of 130 million Americans who would do all they can for their country." Jules Dassin's direction sustains the suspense throughout.

"The Lady Has Plans" is one of those mistaken-identity comedies that could be straightened up with five minutes of sane explanation at the beginning. But it has to be dragged on until every drop of comic situation and possibility is squeezed out of it. Espionage agents in this country, anxious to sell some diagrams to the nazis or British (this was last year of course), have the plans drawn on the back of pretty Margaret Hayes who will take the place of a reporter on the clipper bound for Lisbon and then show her back to the highest bidder. The scheme goes awry. Paulette Goddard, who really is the reporter, gets to Lisbon and has a terrible time stopping Roland Young, as the British agent, and Albert Dekker, as the German, from tearing the clothes off her back. This leads to *double entendre* remarks and situations which go out of their way to be suggestive. Further complications arise when Paulette's boss (Ray Milland) misunderstands and raises his eyebrows. Then he too thinks his reporter is a spy, but he admits that Goddard in low gowns is a scoop for any newspaper. The audience is always two jumps ahead of the script. After the nazis capture our hero and heroine, Director Sidney Lanfield adds suspense to his show and winds up with a thrilling chase.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Books of the Week

Solid Comfort

A Generation of Materialism. Carlton J. H. Hayes. Harper. $3.75.

THAT there are in history two truths all historians know. There is that which is objectively true of a given era, and that which a given generation believes to be true. As often as not the latter is at least as important as the former. For if belief is action, the historic configuration is determined by people following, as Lord Acton put it, "ideas which are mostly wrong."

It is, indeed, not even improbable that the intellectual theory of history set forth by Acton will become fashionable. A new beginning was made in this respect by the late Hermann Kantorowitz who wrote that "Men possess thoughts but ideas possess men."

All this is by way of saying that Professor Hayes has written an extended intellectual essay in the analysis of ideas. The very title is proof of this. It is the key to this absorbing book—this book which is the mature fruit of Professor Hayes's rich mind and scholarship. It is, this title, no cheap, easy tag for sterile moralists who run but do not read. This is no exercise in vague and easy mysticism.

"Generally," Professor Hayes writes, "I use it [the term materialism] in what I conceive to be the popular common-sense way, as denoting a marked interest in, and devotion to, material concerns and material things." This book is a study of a generation possessed by this peculiar faith. It is a mature, sane, sure, scholarly analysis. It is not a text. It is part of an excellent series (edited by Professor Langer) which is written by experts for the general reader. I would like to point out that Professor Hayes's general reader is treated as if he were an adult.

The book reveals that Professor Hayes is at the other pole from the economic analysts of history. And I want to say, at once, that nothing so dramatically reveals the conflict as his quiet, sane atomizing dissolution of the orthodox theories of imperialism. Those of us who have been studying history in the last decade have not easily been proof against the economic explanation of that phenomenon. It has colored our whole conception of war and the causes of war. That it has prevailed, and overhung the minds of the present young, is alarmingly clear. Here I am content to recommend Professor Hayes's handling of that aspect of history. What a pure, clean mental bath it is. And how it marks the difference between history and rhetoric.

The book covers the period between 1871 and 1900. The author points out that a revolution occurred at the end of the '70's. It moved against the background of the dictated peace of Frankfort, Bismarck's new Germany, the "Alabama Claims Treaty," which latter, even, Professor Hayes observes, "was an outcome of the triumph of might." The revolution took place in men's thinking, and, thus, in their world and in their values. It was then that the Russian Foreign Minister announced that "it would be difficult to affirm that law founded on respect for treaties as the basis of public right . . . has preserved the same moral sanction as in former times." The idealism, even verbal, of Europe was lost in this concept of "realism." Material and forceful means were used for the achievement of national ends.

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Intellectually the élite became enamored of Darwinism, which soon "ceased to be a tentative scientific theory and became a philosophy, almost a religion." The results of this are presented skilfully. The rise of liberalism and its fruits; the mechanization of work and thought; the assaults on traditional religion—all these are materials over which plays the expert mind of Professor Hayes.

What particularly interests him is the fact that the period was a continuation of the age of enlightenment; an age of faith in a peculiar thing called "progress," an era of "developing machinery and of continuing humanitarian impulse." That is why the generation was able to reconcile mass education and a certain socialism with mechanical power and glory. It is why, too, it could take seriously a Hague Conference, and talk of world peace.

About their knowledge and belief Professor Hayes makes interesting and acute observations, illustrative of our theory of two truths. He discovers to those of us who do not know that their mechanistic conception of physical science was wrong. More valid scientific discoveries destroyed determinism. *But* most of the people remained unaware of this and clung to illusion and error. For most "progress" was still the law and the prophets. This cultural lag, as the sociologists call it, was the Nemesis lurking in the generation after 1871. This it was that lay at the basis of post-war disenchantment.

But Professor Hayes is an historian, and risks no prophecies and, explicitly, points no moral. Save that in a brilliant and incisive chapter called "Religion and the Arts" he observes that the religious crisis, then begun, continues to the present day and "poses the fundamental question whether European or Western civilization can endure if cut off from its historic Christian roots."

FRANCIS DOWNING.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

The Destiny of Western Man. W. T. Stace. Reynal. $3.00.

THIS book is an attempt to show by a strictly empirical process that the Christian *ethic,* as distinguished from the Christian religion, is "natural" to man and that it dovetails perfectly with the Greek tradition, both together constituting the essence of the Western civilization. The Greeks gave us the principle of the primacy of *reason;* Christianity gave us the law of *sympathy* (Dr. Stace's word), and reason married to sympathy is true humanism, which is democracy. But the author makes it clear that this law of which he is talking is *immanent* in man's nature and is not a law "imposed" upon man by any superhuman, transcendant authority. Early in his book he dismisses the "theory of imposition" as "the product of a superstitious world view" inherited from Palestine. Morality is as "natural" in man as are the tides to nature, and "the place in which one would plainly expect to find its origin is human nature." The notion of morality as a law of God imposed upon man, he thinks, involves man in a dilemma. Does God command morality because it is good, or is it good because God commands it? If the former, then morality is something above God; if the latter, God in His own nature is "non-moral," and he opines that "it takes much theological ingenuity to wriggle out of this dilemma." All forms of the "impositionist" theory he regards as a "superstitious" view of the world, because they all stem from the notion of "God as an arbitrary potentate issuing commands." Dr. Stace does not say that belief in God is a "superstition," not at all.

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"God," he says, "may be in some way the Author of the whole world." Where the "superstition" comes in is in supposing that moral principles are "caused by God's wishes and commands, instead of by psychological principles in man's own mind." Starting, therefore, from human nature as a given *datum,* diverted from all theories as to its origin, and the Christian ethic diverted from all "supernatural" (i.e., religious) elements, Dr. Stace devotes himself to the task of proving that the essence of the Christian ethic and that of the Greek are entirely compatible, both belonging to man by virtue of his "nature."

Mr. Mark Van Doren finds "world-wide significance" in this book; Dr. Canby calls it a "really fundamental treatment of a problem which has been bothering us all." Dr. William Allan Neilson (a sponsor of "The City of Man," by the way) calls it a "fresh and original attempt." For the Catholic reader who is aware of the whole *status quaestionis* concerning God and man Dr. Stace's struggles with the problem will be interesting chiefly as an example of "modern" thinking by an honest man who begins by ruling out the "fundamentals" of the matter and seeks the truth in what remains. But what can the result be when one prescinds from these fundamentals, and dismisses the Creation, the Fall, the Incarnation as irrelevancies? There is, indeed, "significance" in the book, but hardly of the kind discerned by the three above-mentioned judges who awarded to the author the prize donated by the publishers for the best non-fiction book submitted by a college professor. Incidentally, there is much unnecessary repetition in it, suggesting haste in composition.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

WAR

Flight in Winter. John Clinton Adams. Princeton. $3.00.

SERBIA'S historic greatness is quite aptly evaluated by Clinton in his concluding paragraph: "The Serbs had no chance at all when the blow fell in the spring of 1941. They knew that they had no chance. Their forefathers had known the same thing when they rode to Kosovo. Their fathers had known it when they faced Mackensen. They knew they were going to defeat and death. But the Serbs were men who literally preferred death to slavery. . . . They went out once more, like their ancestors before them, to die in hopeless battle for faith and freedom." Adams thus demonstrates his ability as a vigorous writer. But he also is a very good historian who has given us here a moving story of the Serbian Retreat of 1915. An army defending its homeland was clearly defeated and was faced by overwhelming superiority. By all the rules of logic and war it had no choice but surrender. Yet it chose instead the "impossible" alternative of holding its forces together, cutting its way through forbidding mountains to the Adriatic, and living to become the spearhead of victory on a triumphant return march. Adams has brought together an extraordinary amount of material relating to his topic, drawing not only upon the most important written records but also upon his familiarity with the country and his acquaintance with officers and soldiers who made the epic march to the sea. We can state without hesitation that it is rare to encounter such a high degree of reportorial factualness mellowed by an exceptional creative historical talent. Not only Serbs but all specialists in history are under obligation to Adams for fulfilling Macaulay's requirement that history be not only truthful but also rival the novel in interest.

JOSEPH S. ROUCEK.

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The Inner Forum

The Catholic University of Peking

REPORTS from the American office of the university indicate that thus far the Catholic University of Peking is comparatively well off, according to the March issue of the *Shield,* monthly publication of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. It is a Pontifical institution that was once staffed by American Benedictines and is now conducted by the Society of the Divine Word of Techny, Ill. It is popularly known in the Far East as the "University of the Pope." The university, which is also known as Fu Jen, flew the Vatican flag in the perilous days of 1937 and 1938, and the Japanese did not interfere unduly or close the school. Even today, Father John E. Cohill, S.V.D.—the Field Secretary—believes Americans stationed there will be able to remain on the university grounds, although they may be forbidden to teach.

Father Ralph, S.V.D., director of the American office in Chicago, is optimistic because of the university's fine record in the relief field. In 1941 more than 400,000 refugees were given food at the university's "Rice Bowl Kitchen." The need for funds for this kind of assistance is expected to increase.

Then there is the work of the Fu Jen Micro-Biological Institute, where quantities of anti-typhus vaccine have been prepared in recent years. Between 1936 and 1941 some 300 missionaries were vaccinated with this serum and not a single one of them succumbed to typhus. The work of this department of the university also tends to grow in importance as the war intensifies. A recent issue of *Fu Jen,* official university quarterly, tells of a new film under preparation by expert photographers and technicians there showing the entire process of producing anti-typhus vaccine.

Fu Jen is now the largest university in North China with a total enrollment of 3,500 in the University and the Middle School. It includes a Clerical College for the training of native Chinese priests. More than half of the university's two thousand students are enrolled in the College of Arts and Letters, with several hundred students in both the College of Natural Sciences and the College of Education.

CONTRIBUTORS

Julia Bell MERRIMAN, as she explains in her article, has taught school in the Philippines; she now lives in the Bayard Lane community in Suffern, N. Y.

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Thomas F. WOODLOCK is on the editorial staff of the *Wall Street Journal,* where he has long conducted a column of general and philosophical interest. He has just completed a book for Simon and Schuster.

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